Home Magazine

MR. MACGLOWRIE'S WIDOW.

By BRET HARTE.

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CHAPTER I.

The Doctor.

VERY little was nown of her late husband, yet that little was of a sufficiently awe-inspiring character to satisfy the curiosity of Laurel Spring.

A man of unswerving animosity and candid belligerency, untempered by any human weakness, he had been actively engaged as survivor in two or three blood feuds in Kentucky and some desultory duelling, only to succumb, through the irony of fate, to an attack of fever and ague in San Francisco.

Gifted with a fine sense of humor, he is said, in his last moments, to have called the simple-minded clergyman at his bedside to assist him in putting on his boots. The kindly divine, although pointing out to him that he was too weak to rise, much more walk, could not resist the request of a dying man. When it was fulfilled Mr. MacGlowrie crawled back into bed with the remark that his race had always "died with their boots on," and so passed smilingly and tranquilly away.

It is probable that this story was invented to soften the ignominy of MacGlowrie's peaceful end.

The widow herself was also reported to be endowed with relatives of equally homicidal ecentrities. Her two brothers, Stephen and Hector Boompointer, had Western reputations that were quite as lurid and remote.

Her own experiences of a frontier life had been rude and startling, and her scalp—a singularly beautiful on of blond hair—had been n peri from Indians on several occasions. A pair of scissors with which she had once pinned the intruding hand of a marauder to her cabin doorpost was to be seen in her sitting-room at Laurel Spring.

A fair-faed woman with eyes the color of pale sherry, a complexion a little sallowed by innutritious food, a slight and tall figure, she gave little suggestion of this Amazonian feat. But that it exercised a wholesome restraint over the many who would have liked to induce her to re-enter the married state there is little reason to doubt.

Laurel Spring was a peaceful agricultural settlement. Few of its citizens dared aspire to the dangerous eminence of succeeding the defunct MacGlowrie; few could hope that the sister of living Boompointers would accept an obvious mesalliance with them. However sincere their affection, life was still sweet to the rude inhabitants of Laurel Spring, and the preservation of the usual quantity of limbs necessary to them in their vocations. With their devotion thus chastened by caution, it would seem as if the charming mistress of Laurel Spring House was secure from disturbing attentions.

It was a pleasant summer afternoon and the sun was beginning to strike under the laurels around the hotel into the little office, where the widow sat with the housekeeper—a stout spinster of a coarser Western type.

Mrs. MacGlowrie was looking wearily over some accounts on the desk before her and absently putting back some tumbled sheaves from the stack of her heavy hair. For the widow had a certain indolent Southern negligence, which, in a less pretty woman, would have been untidiness, and a characteristic hook-and-eyeless freedom of attire which on less graceful limbs would have been slovenly.

One sleeve-link was unbuttoned, but it showed the blue veins of her delicate wrist; the neck of her dress had lost a hook, but the glimpse of a bit of edging round the white throat made amends.

Of all which, however, it should be said that the widow, in her limp abstraction, was really unconscious.

"I reckon we kin put the new preacher in Kernel Starbottle's room," said Miss Morvin, the housekeeper. "The Kernel's going to-night."

"Oh," said the widow, in a tone of relief, but whether at the early departure of the gallant Colonel or at the successful solution of the problem of lodging the preacher Miss Morvin could not determine. But she went on, tentatively:

"The Kernel was talkin' in the barroom, and kind o' wonderin' why you hadn't got married agin. Said you'd make a stir in Sacramento—but you was jest berried here."

"I suppose he's heard of my husband?" said the widow indifferently.

"Yes—but he said he couldn't place you," returned Miss Morvin.

The widow looked up.

"Couldn't place me?" she repeated.

"Yes—hadn't heard o' MacGlowrie's wife and disremembered your brothers."

"The Colonel doesn't know everybody, even if he is a fighting-man," said Mrs. MacGlowrie with a languid scorn.

"That's just what Dick Blair said," returned Miss Morvin, "and though he's only a doctor he jest stuck up agin the Kernel and told that story about your jabbin' that man with your scissors—beautiful; and how you once fought off a bear with a red-hot iron—so that you'd have admired to hear him. He's awfully gone on you!"

In her anxiety to further the suit of Dick Blair, Miss Morvin had scarcely reported the Colonel with fairness.

That gentleman, leaning against the bar in the hotel saloon, with a mint-julep in his hand, had expatiated with his usual gallantry upon Mrs. MacGlowrie's charms, and on his own "personal" responsibility had expressed the opinion that they were thrown away on Laurel Springs. That—blank it all!—she reminded him of the blankest beautiful woman he had seen even in Washington—old Major Beveridge's daughter from Kentucky. Were they sure she wasn't from Kentucky? Wasn't her name Beveridge and not Boompointer?

Becoming more reminiscent over his second julep, the Colonel could vaguely recall only one Boompointer—a blank skulking hound, sir—a mean white shyster—but of course he couldn't have been of the same breed as such a blank fine woman as the widow!

It was here that Dick Blair interrupted with a heightened color and a glowing eulogy of the widow's relatives and herself, which, however, only increased the chivalry of the Colonel—who would be the last man, sir, to detract from, or suffer any detraction of a lady's reputation.

It is needless to say that all this was intensely diverting to the bystanders, and proportionally discomposing to Blair, who already experienced some slight jealousy of the Colonel as a man whose fighting reputation might possibly attract the affections of the widow of the belligerent MacGlowrie.

He had cursed his folly and relapsed into gloomy silence until the Colonel left.

For Dick Blair loved the widow with the unselfishness of a generous nature and a first passion.

He had admired her from the first day his lot was cast in Laurel Spring, where, coming from a rude frontier practice, he had succeeded the district doctor in a more peaceful and domestic ministration.

A skilful and gentle surgeon rather than a general household practitioner, he was at first coldly welcomed by the gloomy dyspeptics and ague-haunted settlers from riparian lowlands The few bucolic idlers who had relieved the monotony of their lives by the stimulus of patent medicines and the exaltation of stomach bitters, also looked askance at him. A common-sense way of dealing with their ailments did not naturally commend itself to the shopkeepers who vended these nostrums, and he was made to feel the opposition of trade.

But he was gentle to women and children and animals; and, oddly enough, it was to this latter selection that he owed the widow's interest in him—an interest that eventually made him popular elsewhere.

The widow had a pet dog, a beautiful spaniel, who, however, had assimilated her graceful languor to his own native love of ease to such an extent that he failed in a short leap between a balcony and a window, and fell to the ground with a fractured thigh. The dog was supposed to be crippled for life—even if that life was worth preserving—when Dr. Blair came to the rescue, set the fractured limb, put it in splints and plaster after an ingenious design of his own, visited him daily, and eventually restored him to his mistress's lap sound in mind and limb.

How far this daily ministration and the necessary exchange of sympathy between the widow and himself heightened his zeal, was not known.

But Dr. Blair's increasing practice and the widow's preoccupation presently ended their brief intimacy.

It was well known that she had encouraged no suitors at the hotel, and his shyness and sensitiveness shrank from ostentatious advances.

There seemed to be no chance of her becoming, herself, his patient; her sane mind, indolent nerves and calm circulation kept her from feminine "vapors" or feminine excesses. She retained the teath and digestion of a child in her thirty-odd years, and abused neither. Riding and cultivation of her little garden gave her sufficient exercise.

And yet the unexpected occurred!

The day after Starbottle left Dr. Blair was summoned hastily to the hotel.

Mrs. MacGlowrie had been found lying senseless in a dead faint in the passage outside the dining-room.

In his hurried flight thither with the messenger he could learn only that she had seemed to be in her usual health that morning and that no one could assign any cause for her fainting.

He could find out little more when he arrived and examined her as she lay pale and unconscious on the sofa of her sitting-room.

It had not been thought necessary to loosen her already loose dress, and, indeed, he could find no organic disturbance.

The case was one of sudden nervous shock—but this, with his knowledge of her indolent temperament, seemed almost absurd.

They could tell him nothing but that she was evidently on the point of entering the dining-room when she fell unconscious.

Had she been frightened by anything—a snake or a rat?

Miss Morvin was indignant! The widow of MacGlowrie—the repeller of grizzlies—frightened at "sich"!

Had she been upset by any previous excitement, passion, or the receipt of bad news? No!—she "wasn't that kind," as the doctor knew.

And even as they were speaking he felt the widow's healthy life returning to the pulse he was holding, and giving a faint tinge to her lips.

Her blue-veined eyelids quivered slightly and then opened with languid wonder on the doctor and her surroundings.

Suddenly a quick, startled look contracted the yellow-brown pupils of her eyes; she lifted herself to a sitting posture, with a hurried glance around the room and at the door beyond.

Catching the quick, observant eyes of Dr. Blair, she collected herself with an effort, which Dr. Blair felt in her pulse, and drew away her wrist.

"What is it? What happened?" she said weakly.

"You had a slight attack of faintness," said the doctor cheerily, "and they called me in as I was passing, but you're all right now."

"How pow'ful foolish," she said, with returning color, but her eyes still glancing at the door. "Slumping off liek a green gyrl at nothin'!"

"Perhaps you were startled?" said the doctor.

Mrs. MacGlowrie looked up quickly and looked away.

"No! Let me see! I was just passing through the hall, going into the dining-room, when—everything seemed to waltz round me—and I was off! Where did they find me?" she said, turning to Miss Morvin.

"I picked you up just outside the door," replied the housekeeper.

"Then they did not see me?" said Mrs. MacGlowrie.

"Who's they?" responded the housekeeper, with more directness than grammatical accuracy.

"The people in the dining-room. I was just opening the door—and I felt this coming on—and—I reckon I had just sense enough to shut the door again before I went off."

"Then that accounts for what Jim Slocum said," uttered Miss Morvin triumphantly. "He was in the dinin'-room, taikin' with the new preacher, when he allowed he heard the door open and shut behind him. Then he heard a kind of slump outside and opened the door again just to find you lyin' there and to rush off and get me. And that's why he was so mad at the preacher, for he says he just skurried away without offerin' to help. He allows the preacher may be a pow'ful exhorter, but he ain't worth shucks at 'works.'"

"Some men can't bear to be around when a woman's up to that sort of foolishness," said the widow, with a faint attempt at a smile, but a return of her paleness.

With no further excuse for staying longer, Blair was obliged to depart—yet reluctantly, both as lover and physician.

He was by no means satisfied with her condition. He called to inquire the next day, but she was engaged and sent word to say she was "better."

(To be Continued.)

BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS.

"WHAT IS IT? WHAT HAPPENED?" SHE SAID WEAKLY.

MAY MANTON'S HELPS FOR HOME DRESSMAKING.

DAINTY LITTLE DRESS.

Girl's Frock, 4,179.

Little folk are always most charming when simply dressed and no better design for small girls is to be found than the one shown. In the original it is of dotted white batiste, with bertha and trimming of needlework, and is cut low at the neck, with short puffed sleeves; but all washable fabrics as well as simple wools are appropriate, and when preferred the yoke can be added and long sleeves substituted for short.

The waist is made over a plain fitted lining that closes with it at the centre back and which is cut high and faced when the yoke is desired. The waist itself is gathered at the upper and lower edges and arranged over the lining, the shaped bertha finishing the neck. The short sleeves are puffed and held by bands, but the long sleeves are in bishop style. The skirt is simply straight and gathered, the lower edge being finished with a wide hem.

To cut this frock for a girl eight years of age 4⅝ yards of material 27 inches wide, 3½ yards 32 inches wide or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide will be required, with ½ yard of all-over embroidery for bertha, 4 yards of edging and 3-4 yard of insertion to trim as illustrated.

The pattern, 4,179, is cut in sizes for girls of 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years of age. It will be mailed for 10 cents.

If in a hurry for your pattern send an extra two-cent stamp for each pattern and they will be mailed promptly by letter post in sealed envelope.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

FASHIONABLE SHOES.

Shoes for climbing, walking, golfing are heavy of sole and of stout but soft calf and more often tan color than black. The three-quarter length, laced, is held best by those who climb highest and walk furthest, but low shoes with ?ug gaiters also are worn. Buttons appear and are preferred by some women, but the laced model has certain inherent advantages that are all its own. It allows of tightening or loosening as may be required. It holds and supports the ankle more satisfactorily than any other sort. Soles are comfortably broad and of the extension sort, and are supplied with spikes or hobnails when designed for climbing. Shapes are tasteful and not run either to extreme width or exaggerated bulldog toes. It would seem that the virtue of moderation has been acquired in this direction at least, as well rounded are the toes, so ideally satisfactory the shapes without the running to that extreme of ugliness which seemed to hold athletic enthusiasts enthralled a few years ago.

MAY MANTON'S DAILY FASHION HINT.

This is a sketch of the fashionable costume which May Manton describes in these columns to-day. Patterns may be obtained through The Evening World by following Miss Manton's directions.

Questions in dressmaking, whether they concern new dresses or the remodelling or making over of old ones, will be answered by May Manton in these columns.

J. C.—Box plaits will be much worn during the coming season. There was a charming gown shown July 19, waist No. 4,130, skirt No. 4,069, that would be admirable for your lettuce green voile. Use deep string color lace as trimming.

* * *

J. C.—Nothing could be prettier for your simple afternoon gown than cream veiling made after the design shown Aug. 13—waist 4,128, skirt 4,101. Use heavy lace for the collar and cuffs and wear a belt of soft white silk or a sash of white louisine ribbon.

* * *

Mrs. Louise Germon.—You do not tell me whether you wish a skirt in walking length or long. If the former, I would advise you to have your suit made with the plain five-gored skirt No. 4190 and Norfolk coat No. 4226. If you wish a long skirt I would suggest "slot-seam" skirt No. 4197, with "slot-seam" blouse No. 4210, or the skirt with fan plaits No. 4221, and the blouse with "Gibson" plaits No. 4121. The Norfolk coat is new and will be much worn and suits your material nicely.

* * *

Frances.—It is a little early to give you a complete list of coat styles, but you may rely upon the twenty-six inch, three-quarter and full lengths all being worn. Many of the new models are loose, in box style, with tiny shoulder capes. Others again are half fitted. Norfolk styles are much liked for morning wear, but do not suit formal dress. Carriage cloaks are long, covering the entire gown, with loose ample sleeves. Rough and smooth cloths, black, tan and gray, are all shown for the street, all colors for carriage and evening wear.

* * *

Mrs. C. S.—I know of no waist prettier or better suited to your young daughter than No. 4188, shown on Aug. 8. It would be charming made of your material with the yoke of alternate rows of lace and narrow bands featherstitched and left unlined.

LAUGHTER AS A STOMACH CURE.

WORRY TENDS TO INDIGESTION.

Worry is but one of the many forms of fear, so that worry tends to the production of indigestion, says the London Family Doctor. Indigestion tends to put the body of the subject in a condition that favors worry. There is thus established a vicious circle which tends to perpetuate itself, each element augmenting the other. It is necessary to secure a cheerful, wholesome atmosphere for the dyspeptic. He should eat his meals at a table where there is good fellowship and where funny stories are told. He should himself make a great effort to contribute his share of this at the table, even if it be necessary, as it was in one case under my care, for him to solemnly and seriously collect funny paragraphs from the press, and at first interject them spasmodically during lulls in the conversation at the table.

The very efforts and determination of the man to correct his own silent habits at table, to correct his feelings of discouragement and worry, were in themselves a promise of success. The effort made was adequate to the obstacles to be overcome. He succeeded, and the spectacle of that man trying to be funny at table when he felt thoroughly discouraged and blue is one we shall never forget.

Laughing is in itself also a useful exercise from the standpoint of digestion. It stirs up all the abdominal organs, it increases the circulation of the blood, it increases peristalsis, it increases the secretion of gastric juices. Five minutes' deliberate laughing after each meal would be an excellent prescription for some people.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER REVEALS BEAUTY SECRETS.

He Would Die for Her.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I am a young man twenty-one years of age. I met a young lady last June and it was a case of love at first sight. I have been keeping company with her since Aug. 15, 1901, and I love her dearly and she claims she loves me in return, but at times it seems as if she does not care for me. Please publish how I may find out if she loves me or not. I would die for her. A. F. ST.

If you have been keeping company with the lady for a year and if she tells you that she loves you, I think you should believe she is speaking sincerely, unless you have some good reason for doubting. If you wish to find out her state of mind very conclusively, suppose you ask her to marry you. When a woman is willing to live all her life with a man her love for him usually admits of no question.

No Aristocracy in True Love.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

About four years ago I kept company with a young man a few years older than myself. We thought a great deal of one another, but he was of a very queer disposition and very often would speak as though I was not his equal and say that he could do better. We decided to part, still remaining friends. I then vowed that I would never go with any young man, but did so anyway, and I see this young gentleman very seldom. In all the years that we have been parted I think of him continually and even dream of him night after night, in spite of keeping company with another young man. My friends tell me that he would like to renew our friendship. I would like to meet him some evening where I could talk to him about olden times, but never seem to have the luck. I have not had a good chat with him since we parted. How can I meet him? Shall I go where I know he goes, or shall I wait until we meet by chance? He passes my house very often, and really has no cause to. Do you think this shows that he wants to come back? He knows I am keeping company, as I very often meet him when out walking. B. M. H.

You are not true to either of these men when you permit your affection to waver between them. Since your thoughts by day and your dreams by night go out to your former lover you ought in all honor to release the young man with whom you are now keeping company from any promise or agreement. Whether or not you win back the old friend, you have no right to deceive the new one by keeping him in ignorance of your feelings. Give him back his freedom and then let your action concerning the other man be governed by thoughtful judgment. If he wishes to renew the friendship he can find ways enough to do so. I advise you to think twice before reforming intimate relations with one who, you say, considers you "not his equal."

At Last a Sensible Girl.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I know a young lady and have been out with her several nights walking, and I asked her to keep company and she refused, although she seems to like me, but will not make any agreements on keeping company, and I don't know whether to go out any more nights with her or not. A TRUE FRIEND.

At last here is a sensible girl who will not bind herself until she is really acquainted. When the young lady permits you to go out walking with her you have the pleasure of her company, have you not? It will probably depend upon yourself whether or not she lets you keep company with her steadily. Take with appreciation the small favors she shows you and prove yourself worthy of greater ones. The young lady is very properly waiting until she knows more about you.

You should congratulate yourself on having an opportunity of proving worthy of a girl who will not cheapen herself.

THE VOLTAGE OF LIGHTNING.

ONE BOLT'S CARRYING POWER.

Few people have any understanding of the disruptive power of a severe bolt of lightning. The figures quoted convey little, even when one is told that at the present time the limit of carrying power of an electric plant is electricity at 40,000 volts, one-tenth of that of a heavy lightning bolt. Perhaps a truer conception is to be gained from the story of an old Long Island resident, who admits being very fond of squirrel-hunting, and says: "In a piece of clear woods near where I lived several years ago was an enormous white oak tree four feet through at the stump, and spreading over half an acre of ground. Under certain conditions I could always count on finding a fox squirrel in that tree, and I knew every limb of it.

"One morning, after a tremendous thunderstorm, in which we all had noticed a mighty thunderbolt, I visited this tree. Only a pile of broken brushwood and thousands of little splinters scattered all over the ground marked where this giant of the forest had stood. Some explosive effect had torn the roots out until there was a hole in the ground eight feet deep and ten feet across.

"That one bolt of electricity had torn that tree to pieces in a way that ten woodmen working an entire week could not have accomplished."

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HAMMERSTEIN'S, 42d st., B'way&7th av. PARADISE ROOF GARDEN. Eve. 8.15. 15 BIG VAUDEVILLE ACTS and SIG. CREATORE & His BAND OF 60. BARGAIN MAT. (50c.) SATURDAYS, 2.15.

BROADWAY THEATRE, 41st st. & B'way. Evgs. at 8. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2. MAT. TO-DAY Geo. W. Lederer's SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

DUSS Columbus ave. and 66th st. FIFTEENTH WEEK. 103D CONCERT TO-NIGHT.

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HERALD Sq. Thea. Evgs., 8.15. Mat. Sat. Only. JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS OPERA CO. In Sir Arthur Sullivan's Last Opera. THE EMERALD ISLE.

Amusements

MANHATTAN BEACH. TO-DAY at 3.30 P.M. SHANNON'S 23D REG'T BAND. LAST WK. 9 P.M. The Famous BOSTONIANS Mat. Sat. 4 P.M. To-night, Fri. Eve., Sat. Mat. & N'gt. ROBIN HOOD. Tomorrow Evening, Last Time, MAID MARIAN. TO-NIGHT AT 8 P.M. PAINS ANCIENT ROME and GRAND FIREWORKS

VISIT PROCTOR'S IDEAL SHOWS 25c. 50c. Res. 75c. 58th St. "THE NEW BOY." All Laughter. A. O. Duncan & Other Big Vaudeville. 23d St. The Permanent Stock & Renewed Hit. Ideal Vaudeville Entertainments. 5th Ave. 25 Splendid Features. CONTINUOUS. "A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE." The Favorite Stock with continuous Vaudeville. 125th St. "MR. WALKER'S WARD." The Clever Stock. Geo. Evans & other Vaudeville.

SILVER JUBILEE. 25th Anniversary Celebration. KNIGHTS & LADIES OF HONOR. Saturday, Sept. 6, at 2 P.M., at ULMER PARK, BROOKLYN. Games of all kinds, entertainments; dancing, prize bowling and shooting. FREE tickets from all members. At Gate, 25c.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 14th st. and Irving place. LAST WEEK OF THE GREAT RURAL PLAY. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Prices 25, 50, 75, $1. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2. Eve., 8.15. NEXT WEEK—The famous and original BOSTONIANS IN "ROBIN HOOD."

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WALLACK'S, B'way & 30th St. Evgs., 8.20. Mat. Sat. at 2.15. IT'S A GREAT HIT. MRS. JACK. By Grace Livingston Furniss.

EDEN MUSEE. WORLD IN WAX. New Groups. CINEMATOGRAPH. Orchestral Concerts and Vocal Soloists. Coronation KING EDWARD 3 & 9.

H&S Hurtig & Seamon's West 125th st. Vaudeville Feast. Mat. To-day.

KEITH'S B'way and 14th st. BEST SHOW IN TOWN. 30—GREAT ACTS—30. PRICES 25c. and 50c.

Amusements.

14th St. Theatre, nr. 6th ave. Mats. Wed. & Sat. J. Wesley Rosenquest presents BRANDON TYNAN IN HIS NEW IRISH PLAY, ROBERT EMMET. The Days of 1803. "GREATEST OF ALL IRISH PLAYS."—Press.

WEBER & FIELDS' MUSIC HALL, B'way & 29th st. Opens Thursday, Sept. 11—TWIRLY-WHIRLY. AUCTION SALE OF SEATS NO BOXES TO-MORROW (THURSDAY) AT 2 P. M.

CHERRY BLOSSOM GROVE, B'way, 45th St. Evenings, 8.15. VAUDEVILLE AND MUSICAL COMEDY.

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THE DEWEY, E. 14TH ST. MATINEE TO-DAY. Bon Ton Burlesquers. "A Taffy Shop" Oriental Dancers.

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BIJOU, 30th St., B'way. Eve. 8. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2. HEARTS AFLAME.

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WEST POINT, Newburg and Poughkeepsie daily excursion (except Sundays), by Palace Iron Day Line Steamers "New York" and "Albany," from Desbrosses street pier at 8.40 A. M., West 22d st. at 9 A. M., and West 129th st. at 9.15 A. M.

Excursions

Entertaining Beyond Comparison. GLEN ISLAND. TIME TABLE — SUBJECT TO CHANGE — STEAMERS LEAVE: Cortlandt St. Pier, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 2.30, 3.45 P. M. Bridge Dock, Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, 9.30, 10.20, 11.20, A. M., 2.20, 2.00, 2.50, 4.00 P. M. East 32d St., 9.30, 10.00, 10.45, 11.45 A. M., 12.45, 2.00, 2.30, 3.15, 4.30 P. M. Leave Glen Island, 11.00 A. M. for Cortlandt St. only; 11.30 A. M., for East 32d St. and Brooklyn. 12.00 M. and 1.00 P. M. for Cortlandt St. only; 3.00, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 7.00 P. M. for all landings. Frequent extra boats on Sundays and holidays. EXCURSION, 40 CENTS. Including admission to all attractions.

LONG ISLAND RAILROAD. MANHATTAN BEACH. Leave 34th st., E. R., N. Y., week days, 5.30, 6.40, 7.40, 9.20, 11.00 A. M., 12.10, half hourly 1.10 to 3.40, 4.10, 5.10, 5.40, 6.00, 6.40, 7.10, 7.40, 8.10, 8.40, 9.30, 10.50 P. M. (Additional train Race Days C. I. J. Club, 12.40 P. M.) Excursion Fare, 40c. Leave East N. Y. 25 minutes after 34th st. time. Leave Whitehall st., N. Y., via 39th st., So. Brooklyn Ferry, connect with L. I. R. R. Week days, 7.00, 8.00, 8.20, 11.00 A. M., 1.00, 2.20, 3.40, 4.20, 5.00, 5.40 P. M. (Additional trains C. I. J. Club Race Days, 12.20, 12.40, 1.20, 1.40 P. M.) Excursion Fare, 50c. ROCKAWAY BEACH. Leave 34th st., E. R., N. Y., week days, 5.40, 6.40, 8.30, 9.20, 10.30, 10.50 A. M., 12.50, 1.50, 2.50, 4.20, 5.20, 6.30, 7.20, 8.20, 9.20 and 10.30 P. M. Additional trains Saturdays 1.20, 2.20, 3.20 and 9.50 P. M.

BY SEA TO Maine. SPECIAL EXCURSIONS VIA S. S. MANHATTAN OF THE MAINE STEAMSHIP CO. Round Trip Fare, $7.00. Descriptive booklet and full information at 290 Broadway, cor. Reade st., and Pier New 32, East River, New York. Also at Thos. Cook & Son and Raymond & Whitcomb Agencies. Tel. 3196-90 Franklin.

PATTEN LINE. 50c.—LONG BRANCH & BACK—50c. 80c.—ASBURY PARK & BACK—80c. HIGHLAND BEACH—PLEASURE BAY AND ALL NEARBY SEASIDE RESORTS. LV. W. 13TH ST. 8.55, 11 A. M., 2.40 P. M. SATURDAYS 8.55 A. M., 12.45, 2.40 P. M. LV. BATTERY 9.20, 11.30 A. M., 3.10 P. M. SATURDAYS 9.20 A. M., 1.15, 3.10 P. M. LV. LONG BRANCH 7.10 A. M., 3.30 & 5 P. M.

MIDLAND BEACH. Finest bathing on the coast; innumerable and finest seaside attractions. Theatre—Big bill of High-Class Vaudeville. Every evening and matinee Saturday. Steamer William Story leaves Battery Landing daily 10.10 A. M., 12.10, 3.10, 5.40, 7.50 P. M. All Staten Island trolleys connect with cars to beach.